

Erinn Shaughnessy: Essay on Fear, Thoughts, Identity, Illusion, Suffering: To Be

This is an excerpt of thoughts which are innumerable. Transcribed, here, in the moment they beget something which is far greater but the joy is in transcribing. I hope to have people read these and think "oh wow, I get it" Understanding that those moments will be interspersed with other moments of "what is she trying to say" The words are dense, each sentence conveying a message that, if not gotten, is completely lost. I struggle with this myself on the rereading, occasionally my eyes glazing over until "oh yeah". It is supposed to be read with an understanding of phenomenological meaning or importance. The idea that a picture can be gleamed from something it is not explicitly describing. An impression of artifactual meaning.

Do Not Be Fearful. In Essence: Have No Fear.

Me: Now and Forever, because then - there is no harm. Absolutely.

Fear as suffering, harm, exhaustion even frustration all traced back to the same thing: Fear.

I can't "read minds" as it were, but something else. A collective consciousness tapping into the creative ether. Shared space, communion of Identity, colors, ideas, shapes. Memories of thoughts put together, spliced in bits. Coordinates.

Words have different triggers, in listeners minds, as well as our own. When we use them in private, it's just the same as a discussion with a friend or an enemy, guiding the conversation along. Igniting pleasure or outrage. A slew of continuous words to follow as if necessitated by a purge. A rolfing hump to get over, get past.

The images are hard to track with words. A smattering of disinterest, in their visual description, their essence more piquing. A trigger of a point. But their form brings with it an essence too aromatic. Unctuous deity bathing you in presence. One which wasn't but then, is. It's tempting to describe in detail the figures captured in the moment, but in this their essence disappears. The big picture is not there, the details carry anonymity towards their weightiness - obfuscate.

It is tempting to think I can read minds, however, instead. A response attributed to mysterious X but maybe, it is Y. To transcribe the words, I say nothing.

A whole narrative holding us in place. Propped up by the notion of Now - forever. Transverse illusion of an orienting of selves to Then. For the Now we sit in the future, preparing ourselves to Be. But - do Not Be. (a command) Fearful, or otherwise - obsessed with thyself. Disappear from the illusion of the narrative, a figure caught in space.

Do Not, momentarily, be quiet and see that Fear is the root of all suffering. As being, or holding, on to everything. Fear of loss, or retribution to thine own self, but worse - fear.

Permeating, regardless of You. Fear matriculates, governing our impulse.

To Store or to Purge. To Run or to Stay. Our identity is based on these things. What we have, what we do. Our notion of eternity, possibility, the plague.

